



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

LIEDERKRANZ BALL.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF THE SEASON.

Terpsichore selected and transformed the Academy of Music into a Temple of Muses on Thursday, the 21st inst.

Both eastern and western hemispheres, represented by all nations, young and old, assembled and united to praise the Olympic and to compliment Terpsichore, Muse, and also Cupid, the perverse and mischievous inhabitant, whose tricks ignited and instigated the most inveterate and most phlegmatic old bachelor.

The Liederkranz itself represents Society through its social strength, and harboring musical humors and emotions. The ball presented a wonderful variety: colors shone and melodies poured through all. It is impossible to attempt to personify, through any description, its jollity, its mocking, fanciful, false-faced, rollicking scherzo, its dramatic congregation, or its brilliant and vivacious symphony.

We can but congratulate the Liederkranz for its exquisite management, and for bringing out to perfection the commencement (10 P. M.), and the end (3 A. M.) The "papier maché" walls of the Academy not allowing any expenditure of decoration, looked consequently rather shabby, but here the management showed its judgment by concentrating all other attraction on the floor. Therefore the art and pleasure-thirsty lost nothing.

Notwithstanding the sale of tickets had been restricted to but six hundred, the swarm and gathering of charming observers and frolicsome participators was so numerously perceptible in every part of the house, as to restrict ease and comfort.

The short history of this one night's extravaganza is this: Entering you beheld two huge sentries in the uniform of the king of Prussia's "Garde du Corps," standing silently at the door with shining corsets, steel helmets with spread eagles, and as erect as statues. Inside, two Hungarian magnates took care that you did not slip in without a mask, or at least a false nose; then your eyes met at the back of the stage a curtain starred with caricatures, and a large floral wreath forming a graceful drapery in the place of the drop curtain. The most conspicuous object on the floor was a huge wheel intended as a touch of sarcasm in allusion to the late prize lotteries, and bearing on its sides a view of the famous Crosby Opera House.

A little after 9 o'clock the various committees assembled, and then marched in military order on the floor in an unprecedented and never-before witnessed varied and brilliant display of magnificence in characterized costumes. Napoleon, Francis Joseph, Bismarck, Pio Nono, Lucrezia Borgia, Mary Stewart, Queen Elizabeth, Mephistopheles, Russians, Tartars, Chinese, and Hindoos, presented about the jolliest, most fraternal and most beautiful *coup d'oeil* on the floor. A procession of monks, with a mitred bishop at their head, and with all the paraphernalia of mother church, passed along and presto, change! at a given signal cowls and gowns drop and reveal as many mischievous harlequins, who pro-

ceeded with dexterity to toss their Lord Bishop in the canopy that shaded him, as on a blanket. The unorthodox maskers received with enthusiastic cheers the holy bishop's perplexity. Meanwhile from the galleries two orchestras filled the air with heavenly melodies and raised the spirits to the ethereal and unearthly atmosphere. At the rise of the curtain on a floral bowery platform with birds of celestial plumage, whose voices filled the air with melodious music, a fairy beauty appeared, and from the portals emerged a dozen mail-clad dwarf knights of some ancient Teutonic order, going through all the flourishing of swords and the bustle of battle. At midnight the ball, we should say the fun, was at its height, everybody jostling, pushing and crowding everybody else for the fun of the thing. Still the utmost order prevailed, and through all the evening nothing occurred to disturb the harmony and good feeling of the crowded audience. It was in fact a perfect and brilliant success.

The following dispatches, received and announced by Prince Carnival, were received with shouts of laughter and applause:

BERLIN, March 11.—Bismarck and suite will be with you about 11 o'clock on the night of your ball.

ST. PETERSBURGH, March 20.—The Emperor of all the Russias greets his Imperial Master the Prince of all the fools. Domestic affairs prevent his attending the Liederkranz Ball. Has a Turkey before the fire, and must attend to the basting.

PARIS, March 10.—Napoleon greets Carnival. Would come if Bismarck wasn't invited. Would spoil my enjoyment. Would feel all night as though sitting on pins and needles.

MEXICO.—You will, I know, believe me, dear Prince, when I say that I only wish to Heaven that I could be with you to enjoy the famous Liederkranz Ball.
MAXIMILIAN.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, March 20.—A violent attack, my dear Prince, of the King's Evil, and symptoms of "Bright's Disease," prevent my availing myself of your hearty invitation. It is dangerous for me to stir out. Albert Edward is very bad, but he deserves it—the young simpleton would "expose himself."
VICTORIA, R.

NANGASAKIE, Feb. 14.—Oh, how I would like to be in New York at your ball with a funny name. Can't come: the girls here threaten to shav my pig-tail if I attempt to go. Peffy jealousy.
TOMMY.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—I regret that, what with looking after the interests of the country and my own, I cannot attend your great ball. I sincerely hope that the example of the Germans may teach their adopted countrymen how to better enjoy the blessings of life. Seward wanted to come, but I had to veto it, for the reason that he has a good deal of writing to do for me. He had to "pocket" it.
ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE RUGGLES GEMS.—While these exquisite works of art have been multiplied by the facile artist they have been undervalued by the art-buying public. Now that he is dead their value has appreciated in proportion to their real merit, and in a few years the trifles that have been floating in the picture market, will be held as the rarest bits of collectors. We would, therefore, remind those who would seize the last chance, that Messrs. Leeds & Minor will, on Wednesday evening next, April 3rd, sell the last of Dr. Ruggles pictures that have remained with his family. It is an opportunity that connoisseurs and collectors should remember.

A BLESSING TO ALL.—THE FOUNTAIN PEN.—To those who write much and write long, the Fountain Pen is a blessing that cannot be over-estimated. We have used one made by John S. Purdy, of 212 Broadway, corner of Fulton Street, for six hours on a stretch, and the beautiful little instrument flowed on, never failing, and bearing still in its reservoir sufficient ink for another day's work. To a fast writer what an aid it is! There is no hitch in the flow of thought by finding your pen empty; no dipping in ink—perhaps muddy ink; no change of color from the fall to the exhausted pen, and no blotting. The writing is all equal, and a MS. looks a hundred times more elegant when written with a fountain pen than with any other.

To the slow writer, who has to ponder, and when the thought reaches him, loses it again, because his pen is dry, what an invaluable assistant in the fountain pen! Ever ready to his hand, he can fix the flying fancy whenever it visits him.

We have tried it now for many weeks, and we feel that we should be utterly lost without it. It is with us wherever we go, and if we have a sudden need for writing in unexpected places, were pen and ink ever known to be on hand? No; but we are independent—our pen and ink are with us and never fail! We have not said half we have to say of the fountain pen, for there are special points which we shall point out by and by, but we advise all who write much and write often, or who write at all, to possess themselves of one of these precious luxuries, at the earliest possible moment.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF AUTHENTICATED OLD PICTURES.—A valuable and well-authenticated collection of paintings, by celebrated old masters, is about to be disposed of at private sale, together or separately. Among them are some masterpieces which should adorn the galleries of our wealthy collectors.

We shall publish in our next issue a description of these works, which were imported some years since, at a large expense, and after much difficulty with the Italian authorities. We shall be happy to afford every information in relation to the collection to those desirous of inspecting it, upon application at our office.

MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA.—CARL WOLFSOHN'S FIFTH MATINEE.—The weather was exceedingly stormy yesterday, nevertheless, there was a large audience in the Foyer of the Academy, to hear the new soprano, Madame Clara Brinkerhoff, of New York, who made her first appearance in Philadelphia. Her ambitious attempt, the scena by Beethoven, "Ah, Perfido!" showed the courage of the accomplished vocalist, and it must be confessed she made her mark, and will be long remembered with pleasure. She should be heard more frequently, and we hope Mr. Wolfsohn may afford his subscribers another chance to enjoy such a rich musical treat as that of yesterday. Mr. Wolfsohn's selections were most happy. The "Schubert Fantasie" would bear repetition, and we are certain Mr. W. would gratify his audience by giving it at his next matinee.